

# The Washington Times

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## Study The Russian Dinosaur

He Has One Brain in the Middle of His Back, and Riding Him Is Not Easy.

If you understand the Dinosaur that lived and walked on the earth millions of years ago, and have an active imagination, you also understand Russia.

The Dinosaur was an overgrown monster destined to disappear because his weight and bulk were too great for his intelligence.

His neck was long, his head was tiny. His tail, legs, and body were huge. Enemies ate his feet and he could not turn around fast enough to drive them away. He could not think earnestly enough to get the thought from his brain all the way to the end of his tail. In fact, one family of Dinosaurs had one little brain in the head, and another brain located half way down the backbone.

Please do not think this is a joke, it is solemn, scientific truth, and very interesting.

The brain in the Dinosaur's head took care of the neck and the front legs. The brain half way down the back, in an enlargement of the spinal cord, took care of the tail and the hind legs.

You can imagine what happened to the Dinosaur if the two brains didn't work together.

The trouble with Russia is, that she has got half a hundred different brains scattered along her national backbone. She has the brain of Kerensky, anxious to have good, permanent government—now that HE is the head of it.

She has brains of variously assorted anarchists, wanting no government at all, but perfection made out of the most imperfect materials over night.

You have the scheming brains of the Grand Dukes, planning to bring back the Czar and start all over again in the old way.

You have the poor, dull, honest, earnest brain of the Moujik, only asking for a chance to own a piece of the earth that he cultivates.

You had over there until recently the cunning and fertile brain of Elihu Root from America—but Russia was too much for him.

He could help Standard Oil or Steel Trust out of its troubles, but the Russian Dinosaur was too big and had too ugly a look in his eye. Root came home.

Some man may come along powerful enough to ride the Russian Dinosaur, keep him going straight in one direction, during the difficult process of evolution.

If such a man does appear, it will have to be a combination of Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Charlemagne and Attila. We doubt that the combination can be found.

The Dinosaur had to disappear from the earth and give room to a large number of small creatures, because his body was too big for his brain.

The same destiny is in store for Russia.

A huge bulk, a divided will, dreamers, anarchists, selfishness, Grand Dukes, disguised Germans, American corporation lawyers, and all the rest, fighting against each other, will scarcely produce stable government.

If they do not kill the poor Czar recently bucked off, he may get up again for a short ride. Some other man may rise to the top and rule with blood and iron for a while. And probably there will be a collection of rulers, tyrants in one place, idealists in another.

The Balkan situation, with Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania murdering each other and occasionally uniting to fight the Turk, was a bad thing for Europe.

All but the cheerful optimist must realize the danger that Russia is to become seven or eight "Balkan problems," difficult and menacing.

## What Kind of Commissioner?

A Washington Man? Yes. Also a Sane Radical.

"And the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den" Isaiah 11:8

Since officials that rule us are not chosen by us, let us be thankful we have such a man as Woodrow Wilson to make the choice. Everybody knows that to him the District means four hundred thousand human beings living here, not monuments, money, or less important things.

Concerning this commissionership our good friend and neighbor, Frank Noyes, in his Star says: "It is especially important that the man selected should be distinctly of the District." By all means; a man not of the District could not understand its wants, or fight for it intelligently.

But other things are even more important.

We need a radical, one with a deep sense of gratitude to Washington and the Washington people.

We nominate for Commissioner, Frank Noyes, of the Star.

Mr. Noyes has done a great deal for Washington, and Washington has done a very great deal for him, the business men of Washington especially, making him a rich and independent man.

Mr. Noyes has so admirably organized his business and arranged for the management of the Star, that, as it now runs, a weaned child could have one hand on the cockatrice den, and run the Washington Star with the other.

Champ Clark has told us that the stone wall between the people of Washington and the right to vote is MONEY, property interests.

Mr. Noyes knows all about these interests, just how they work and just WHY they don't want men and women in Washington to vote.

We nominate Frank Noyes.

## WANTED—A GOOD JOCKEY



Candidates must be able to get on and STAY on. Apply Nevsky Prospekt, Petrograd. (See editorial.)

## THE TWO GIANTS



GERMANY: "I destroy!"

AMERICA: "I create!"

## MRS. HUMISTON SAYS

Rouge and Lack of Real Home Life Ruins Girls

The article below is one of the articles Mrs. Humiston, who is working on the Brandon case for The Washington Times, has written in her endeavors to help and protect the girls of the large cities. Mrs. Humiston's story on the Brandon case will be found elsewhere in this paper.

### THE PAINTED GIRL

By MRS. GRACE HUMISTON

Two days ago a young girl came to my office with her friend, a married woman. "She had been deeply wronged, she said, under promise of marriage, and sought the full redress of the law on the man whom she had loved.

She was young and very pretty, with the eyes of the pure Russian type, and the alluring expression around her lips when she smiled that seems to be the birthright of these girls with the Slav strain behind them.

After hearing her case fully, and investigating the truth of some parts of it, I believed her story, but frankly, when she first entered the office, I felt that she was not the injured character she said she was.

The first advice that I gave to her friend later when we talked together alone, was to have her be sure and wash her face before she appeared at the office again or in court.

**Painted Face to Blame.**

"I told her that myself," said the friend, "but she thought she needed a little bit of color, she was so pale."

Almost within an hour a detective who has had experience on missing girl cases for a year, told me that he believed the girls who over-dressed and painted their faces, were to blame for the opinion men had of them.

"I know what I'm talking about," he said. "Look around Fourth avenue or University place, or any big manufacturing district at noon time, and see the way those girls fix themselves up. There's many a woman with a record behind her, who would be ashamed to look like that. You can scrape the paint off them. Mrs. Humiston, and if a daughter of mine was to come home dressed the way they do, do you know what I'd do? I'd whip her or have her mother do it for me."

I have seen the girls from the districts he speaks of. My home is in the Washington Square section, and I know the types well. I think the way to settle this is among the girls themselves. If these same girls would form committees among themselves to help me fight conditions, I would gladly welcome their help.

**One Cause of Evil.**

This is surely one phase of the causes which lead to immorality, and I know it can be met in this way. I don't believe that every girl who paints her face is "bad" by any means. I do think she is making a mistake that reacts on her.

A painted face has been the sign manual for centuries of the woman of easy morals.

Yet there are thousands of good women who paint their faces. It is a modern manifestation of the same impulse that made the savage girl

deck herself gaudily in order to attract a mate.

The same day that this girl came to me another girl was returned. She had read the article about her in the newspapers and telephoned to me. I do not want to give her name, as she is beginning her life over again, and it would not be fair to her, but you read of her case last week.

She had real roses in her cheeks, and as she stood crying beside me, sobbing out where she had been and how she had happened to leave her home, I thought how pretty she was and what an escape she had had.

"I didn't mean to stay away forever, anyway," she said; "just long enough to frighten them. I thought my mother had been mean to me because she wouldn't let me go out nights to movie shows with the girls and fellows I knew. I was handing over all my money to her, and I wanted to have a good time, that was all."

"We lived in three rooms, and there was a bed in the front room, so I couldn't ask anybody up to see me ever. I had to go out. Only I didn't know about things."

**"She Always Had Money."**

"I went to stay with a girl I knew that had a furnished room, and she said she hadn't worked steady for weeks, but she always had money just the same. When I wouldn't go out with her and some of the fellows that came there, she said I needed a good beating up, then I'd learn sense."

But I read the stories in the newspapers, and got set to a phone."

She has gone back to her mother, but the family is to move into four rooms.

The secretary of one of the largest and best organizations which handle the girl problem, brought this up as one of the greatest causes why girls go outside of their homes for recreation.

"They work very hard, these little girls, just at the period of adolescence, when romance and love are Nature's lure to mating. It is perfectly normal and natural for them to want social enjoyments. They cannot entertain friends in these little homes. That is why you will see girls of fourteen and fifteen and sixteen standing around on street corners talking to boys of their own age. They have nowhere to go."

**"It is a problem for the women of the cities to take up in co-operation with the girls themselves. There must be social centers that are open evenings, not a few scattered ones, but many of them. It is only a step from the street corner to the 'sticking-room' behind a handy saloon."**